

THE LITTLE KEEP'SAKE.



Published by G. W. Hobbs,
CHARLESTOWN, MASS.



THE DEAD CHICKEN.

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THE BOAT.



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SEE my little boat,
How prettily it glides !
Like a bird it seems to float,
Pressed forward by the tides,
By the tides.

The sun is shining brightly,
The fishes dart below ;
While my little boat so lightly
Leaps onward as I row,
As I row.

I would like to be a boat,
And live upon the sea ;
So merrily I'd float,
With nought to trouble me,
Trouble me.

But should a storm come near,
And fill me with alarms,
I would row to mother dear ;
My boat should be her arms,
Mother's arms.

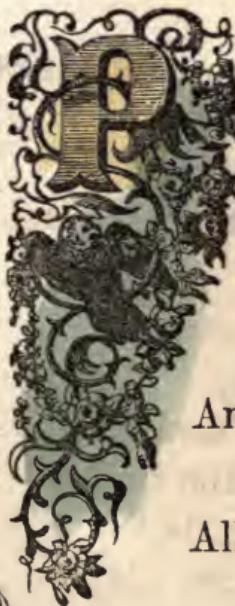


F ever I see
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away ;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me ;
And then if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

THE GARDEN.

UT up thy work, dear mother ;
Dear mother, come with me,
For I've found within the
garden
The beautiful sweet pea,

And rows of stately hollyhocks,
Down by the garden wall,
All yellow, white, and crimson,
So many hued and tall.

O mother! little Annie
Would have loved these flowers to see;
Dost remember how we tried to get
For her a pink sweet pea?

Dost remember how she loved
Those rose leaves pale and sere?
I wish she had but lived to see
The lovely roses here.



THROWING STONES.

 Johnny Jones ! why do you
do it ?
Those who throw stones surely
will rue it ;
Little of pleasure, evil may
flow ;
Mischief past measure comes
of a blow.

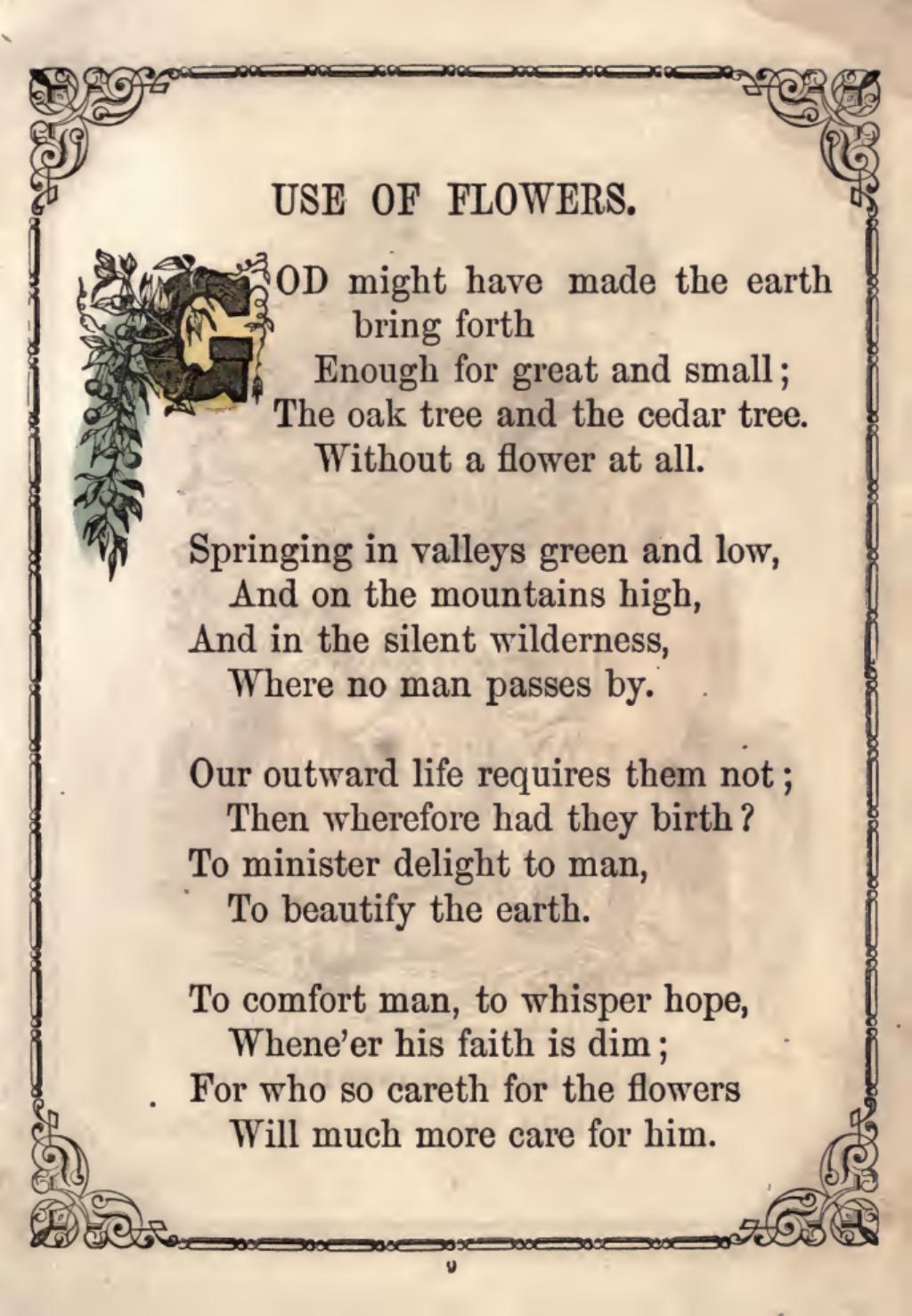
Yes, yes, stone-flinging, laugh as
you may,
Woe may be bringing upon you
some day ;
Some one is watching, armed by
the law ;
Truncheon from pocket soon he will draw.

Off he will march you, dreadful to think !
To a dark prison, light through a chink ;
Bread without butter, water to drink,
Bolt, bar, and fetter, spikes and high wall.

Ah ! that is better,
Let the stone fall.



USE OF FLOWERS.



USE OF FLOWERS.

OD might have made the earth
bring forth
Enough for great and small ;
The oak tree and the cedar tree.
Without a flower at all.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by.

Our outward life requires them not ;
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.



EVENING SONG.

ITTLE birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet,
All the summer night,
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft sweet voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker,
And we shut our eyes.



HAPPY HOME.

As we play at
evening
Around our father's
knees,
Birds are not so
merry
Singing on the
trees.

Lambs are not so happy
'Mid the meadow flowers;
They have play and pleasure,
But not love like ours.

And the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do;
Those we dearly cherish
We must honor too.

To our father's teaching
Listen day by day;
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.



CHILDREN'S BOOK

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